

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

L. MARIA CHILD, Editor.

VOLUME II.

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Letters relating to the editorial department should be addressed to L. MARIA CHILD.

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H. M. HENRY, PRINTER.

The Standard.

MEMORIAL TO THE 27th CONGRESS.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, the Memorial and Petition of the Subscribers, inhabitants of the town of Northampton, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, (signed almost unanimously by the citizens) respectfully represents, as follows:

Your memorialists are of opinion that the existing Constitution of the Union has failed in several essential particulars to secure the blessings, for which it was established.

In respect to taxation, a vital concern of civil society, and the direct cause of the separation of this country from the parent State:

We complain that it is not just and equal.

By the Constitution, the owners of the laborers in the largest and naturally the richest portion of the Union, are exempted from *two-fifths* of that proportion of the public burdens, which free laborers are compelled to bear. It is alleged that the value of the labor of slaves is by so much less than that of freemen. But this is the fault precisely of those who have obtained this immunity; and who have despised the minds of their fellow-men of every motive to industry, which God gave them. On the other hand the subsistence and clothing of slaves cost but *one-fifth* as much as those of free laborers. Independent, however, of this compensating circumstance, we regard the principle of rewarding so gross an usurpation by "peculiar privileges," as false and pernicious.

By an artful and systematic *erasure* of the provisions of the Constitution, nearly the whole of the remaining *three-fifths* of the public burdens, which southern labor ought, by the Constitution, directly to bear, is avoided, and the Constitution in this behalf, *nullified*."

With trifling exceptions, viz. during the last war with Great Britain, and the threats of war with France, in 1798—the national revenues have been raised by custom-house duties, or a tax on the consumption of imported goods. Of those goods the southern laborers are allowed none, except salt and clothing; consequently, under the most upright application of the rule, the slave States would pay in the way of duties an amount much inferior to what they would in case of direct taxation, and therefore much inferior to what the Constitution intended. But the tariff has been so arranged as to exempt articles of slave clothing almost entirely from taxation. Thus on the cheap, coarse, and narrow blankets, required for slaves, serving both for over-coat and bedding, there has been paid a duty of *five* dollars on every hundred in value, while on blankets used by free laborers, or even paupers in the free States, a duty of *twenty-five* dollars on every hundred is levied. The coarse linens, imported for slaves, have been admitted free, or on payment of *two-fifths* less than other linens; and coarse woollens for the like use at *nine-tenths* less than woollens used by free laborers and by paupers in the free States.

It is true that by the compromise act, and acts subsequent thereto, the duties on goods commonly called "negro cloths," are brought up to the common standard of 20 per cent. But the reason of this is not, as we apprehend, a returning sense of justice, but simply that those goods have come to be manufactured cheaper and better at home than abroad. Of these manufacturers the South furnishes all the material except *cotton wool*; and this, ever since it came into demand for the use of slaves, has been admitted *free* or nearly so. By the tariff of 1824, it was fixed at a duty of *fifteen* dollars on every hundred in value, while all other woollens were subjected to a duty of *thirty* dollars on every hundred in value. By the tariff of 1832 it was made *free*, while other woollens were taxed about *forty* dollars on every hundred in value. By the compromise act, this will be reduced to twenty dollars, but by the late act touching "duties and drawbacks," passed September 11, 1841, it is provided that *cotton wool* shall continue *free*." And they are now imported at the rate of \$ to 10 millions of pounds per annum, without contributing one cent to the treasury. No other article of clothing, or material of clothing, is imported without paying the tax. With the exception of the duty on salt, which strenuous efforts have been made in the same quarter to repeal, southern laborers may now be said to be exempt from taxation. For this anomaly, no reason, so far as we know, can be assigned, except that they are owned by influential capitalists. This is not "the justice" which the Constitution of the Union promised "to establish."

It may be said that this is not wholly the result of that Constitution, but of partial and iniquitous legislation. If we could be so partial and iniquitous; and if we could discover in the working of the Constitution, a tendency to an ultimate equilibrium, we could submit patiently to present, and forget past wrongs. But the seed of the mischief is in the Constitution itself. The natural and proper equilibrium of the different parts and interests of the Union, was fatally disturbed in the outset. The unrighteous premium of exclusive privileges and political power, conferred by the Constitution upon the perpetrators of the highest of human wrongs, has led the way and lent encouragement to every other wrong. A self-emancipated slave, long ago expressed, from bitter experience, this eternal truth, in language by which the framers of the Constitution, wise and prudent as they were, might have profited, viz: "When the boundaries of justice are broken over in so great a point as the violation of a man's right to his own limbs and the fruits of his own labor, the way is opened to every species of injustice."

We complain of the unequal expenditure of the revenues, thus unequally collected.

Contrary to the plainest principles of justice, and to the stipulations of innumerable treaties, tribes of southern Indians have been exterminated, or by force and fraud expelled. In the prosecution of this unhallowed business, millions upon millions of the treasury, unjustly obtained, have been wickedly expended, and continue so to be. For this proceeding we verily believe that the principal motive is a rapacious desire to seize the fond and guaranteed domains of those poor people, in order to spread over them the blighting curse of slavery, thus robbing and banishing one innocent people in order to perpetuate the robbery and oppression of another. Is this "to establish justice?"

It is said by apologists, that we have provided them with a better home where they will be unmolested. This at best is "profiting by our own wrong," for it was our duty to see that they were unmolested where they were. If, however, the change had been effected without fraud or constraint, we should silently acquiesce, however we might regret some of its accompaniments and consequences. But who does not know that it was accomplished either by direct force and menace, or by surrounding, entangling, and torturing them by the arts of a superior diplomacy, and the terrors of constantly impending and increasing encroachments? So that the true state of the case was expressed by a chief, in his farewell to the people of the United

States, uttered as he was borne away on the bosom of the western waters from his ancestral home— "Our white brothers say that we go voluntarily. They speak not the words of truth. We are surrounded by fire and water, and we took to the water." If this be not "a world without a God," these words will come up in remembrance before Him.

There is no more probability that the Indians will remain unmolested in their new homes, than there was that they would in their old ones. Nay, there is not so much. For the first foul deed, there was nothing but naked force; for a repetition, there was to be preceded. As to national faith, it can never be more solemnly plighted than it was in the first instance. In fact, the legislature of Arkansas already loudly demands a second removal.

Thus, instead of pursuing the civilization and progressive improvement of these, at best, much injured people, an enterprise successfully commenced under Jefferson and his three immediate successors, we are to be made perpetual accomplices of their persecution, until the last remnant shall be consumed by "the fire," or flee from the flames to the bosom of the Pacific ocean.

That our complaint of such application of the public moneys, arises from no envious or niggardly spirit, is sufficiently proved by our cheerful acquiescence and co-operation in the successive purchases of Louisiana and Florida, at an expense of 20 millions or more, chiefly for the gratification and benefit of the southern States. For the free States of the West did not, at the period of the former purchase, exist. The only advantage to be derived from it by the free States then existing, was the enhancement of the value of the public lands. There was nothing in this quarter analogous to the vast private and personal interests of the South, in extending the region of slave labor and the slave trade, and breaking up asylums of fugitive slaves. This last is beyond all doubt the sole cause of the miserable and protracted contest of this great nation with a handful of Seminoles, for the swamps of Florida, in which more than forty millions of treasure have been sunk. In point of fact, our military and naval expenses at the present time exceed the average of two wars with Great Britain!

Although the owners of southern laborers withdrew so adroitly, when money is to be paid, they are by no means backward when money is to be received. Thus, under the act for depositing the surplus revenue with the States, and for distributing the proceeds of the sale of public lands, they have received on account of their laborers many millions, and will receive many more, from funds, to which they have contributed but a trifle on the same account.

It might have been anticipated, that with such eagerness to possess themselves of our gains, the southern capitalists would have afforded us every facility for making them, or at any rate would have thrown no impediments in our way. We complain not, that they have done the former, but we complain that they have done the latter.

After the establishment of independence and peace, commerce became the leading pursuit of the North; a pursuit most important to us in itself, and not less so as impairing a peculiar energy to every other. The southern States had manifested a jealousy of this interest so early as the federal convention, when they attempted to obtain the control of by numerical power, as they have since actually done through executive patronage, and Congressional influence, based on that patronage. They proposed and insisted, up to the last moment, that all laws regulating commerce should require the assent of two-thirds of both houses of Congress. The jealous and usurping spirit, evinced in this attempt, which we can now perceive to have been so ominous of the future destinies of the North, was too little heeded by those, who represented us; and as all communication between them and their constituents relative to the proceedings of the convention, was strictly prohibited, no apprehension was created in any quarter. But the same spirit was not slow in manifesting itself under the operation of the new government.

In the year 1807, in the midst of a high state of commercial and general prosperity, the South, aided by a few northern leaders, whom they had linked with themselves by means of the federal patronage, imposed upon us an embargo without limitation of time. This was its peculiar and most malignant feature. It struck commerce and every other important interest with a paralysis. Merchants, mariners, the various classes of mechanics connected with ship-building, then our principle manufacture, were thrown out of business as completely as if they had been wrecked on a barren island. Agricultural produce fell about one half in forty-eight hours; and thousands of industrious and prosperous families were engulfed in hopeless ruin. Those who are of age to have witnessed the consternation, which it carried into every village of the North, need no description of the wide waste and irremediable misery which it occasioned. Few counties, in modern times have suffered so extensively and so severely by war, as we did "by act of the legislature." The South had no commerce to be annihilated, no seamen and mechanics to starve, no ships to rot in her harbors. Undoubtedly her planting produce suffered a depreciation, but this could be, and necessarily was, turned to the clothing of the whole country; so that the fury of the tempest fell, as it was well known that it must fall, upon the southern and western, and an important portion of the middle States. Banks have long since, and for the second time since these difficulties commenced, ceased to redeem their notes. Every species of industry is depressed and despairing at home, credit and character sinking.

And what is the present aspect of affairs? The national treasury has lately been declared insolvent, unable to pay the stipend of the members of Congress, or the bills of our ministers abroad. The treasury has at length been relieved by the temporary expedient of issuing its notes to pay the current expenses. Several of the States are delinquent, and to all appearance hopelessly so, to creditors, of whom they have borrowed money, and to whom they have plighted the public faith. The southern, western, and an important portion of the middle States banks have long since, and for the second time since these difficulties commenced, ceased to redeem their notes. Every species of industry is depressed and despairing at home, credit and character sinking.

Simultaneously with the anti-tariff movement of the South, a war was commenced in the same quarter upon the currency and commercial credit of the country; both at that time in as sound and whole-some a state as was ever enjoyed by any people.—What has been the result? Ten affecting years of fluctuation and distress, of which a supposed remedy near at hand, seems now as remote as ever in consequence of an access of slaveholding jealousy.

And what is the present aspect of affairs? The national treasury has lately been declared insolvent, unable to pay the stipend of the members of Congress, or the bills of our ministers abroad.

A system of kidnapping by law is established; whereby the citizens of the free States are seized, when employed in their lawful avocations under the protection of the national flag, and without the pretense of crime, imprisoned and sold into perpetual slavery. Our own countrymen, in our own harbors, enjoy less safety than foreigners, who have the power to enforce their rights; insomuch that American citizens have actually been transferred to the protection of the British flag, to save them, while remaining in the ports of the United States, from the fatal and infamous tyranny of our sister States! To aggravate still further these injuries, in its present form, will not prove as abortive as it must be subversive of justice.

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the illusion of war, by entering its most *sacred* retreats, and showing that an essential evil cleaves to the *system*, and that *immorality* is inborn in its *purest* sources. He protests that he has no wish to reflect upon the Fathers of the Revolution, as no noble a race of men as the earth affords, in every other capacity; but facts developed in this discourse serve to indicate that in their *war* capacity, they were not proof against that gorgon face, which turns everything it looks upon into another nature."

BRITISH WEST INDIES.

It is really curious to observe the contradictory accounts from these islands. The New-York American gives the following news from Jamaica:

Flour \$9, pork 16, lard 8 cents.

The blacks are as turbulent as ever.

The grand plantation, near Falmouth, which in former times produced 600 hogsheads a year, last year only brought 20!

The merchants were failing in all the towns of the island, and men who a few weeks ago were deemed beyond the reach of misfortune, are now reduced to poverty. Business of all kinds dull—*New Orleans American*.

On the same day, the *New-York Express* contains the following:

The sugar crop is now going on in the islands. In Barbados, St. Lucia, and Jamaica, it promises very well. The Jamaica papers anticipate a large increase over the short crops of the last two very dry years. Already they are beginning to be alarmed, least the increase in the amount of the crop should produce a fall of price.—*Demarara Gazette*.

It might be very difficult to reconcile such jarring statements, had we not a clue to the mystery, in the fact that one of these items is taken from a *New Orleans* paper, and the other from a *West India* paper. Unfortunately, all the news from Mexico and the West Indies comes to us via New Orleans. None but the *unfavorable* news is forwarded, and even that is abridged, mutilated, and modified, to answer slaveholding purposes. We are sure to be told of *short crops*; but the fact that they were occasioned by a *drought*, of very remarkable severity and long continuance, is kept carefully in the background; it is all charged upon *emancipation*.

The New Orleans papers say truly, however, that the blacks are as turbulent as ever; for the fact is, they were never turbulent at all. They merely show that their nature is like that of white people, who will not let themselves for sixpence, if they can earn a shilling on their own farms or gardens.

The New-York *Courier* and *Enquirer* makes a precious jumble. It endeavors to prove that England never sincerely opposed slavery, except when she supposed it would not interfere with her own *interests*; and then goes on to show that the British West Indies have been ruined by emancipation, as everybody might have known they would be.

LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK.—No. 24.

Miller is preaching every evening here, and draws crowds to hear him. You know he founds his theory on the prophecy of Daniel; and by comparing intervals between epochs, such as the Babylonian captivity, the coming of Christ, &c. he supposes that he has arrived at the exact meaning of "times and a time and a half a time." Like all theories founded on the literal interpretation of Scripture, it admits of much being said on both sides. The whole question would interest my mind so little, that I should find it difficult to give the argument a patient investigation. What matters it to me, whether the world is destroyed in 1843, or 1844? For me it must soon cease to exist, even if nature pursues its usual course. And what will it concern my spirit in the realms beyond, whether this ball of earth and stones still continues its circling march through space, or falls into the bosom of the sun? Let spirit change forms as it will, I know that nothing is really lost. The human soul contains within itself the universe. If the stars are blotted out, and the heavens rolled up as a scroll, they are not lost. They have merely dropped the vesture that we saw them by. "Life never dies; matter does off it, and it lives elsewhere."

My belief in spirit is so strong, that to me matter appears the illusion. My body never seems to me an end of life, but a beginning. I suppose it is owing to this vivid and realizing sense of spiritual existence, that the destruction of the visible world would have so little power to affect me, even if I foresaw its approach. It would be but a new mode of passing into life. For the earth I have the same sort of affection that I have for our home in which I have dwelt; but it matters not to me whether I pass away from it, or we pass away together. If I live a long and humble life, I shall carry with me all its forms of love and beauty, safe from the touch of material fire. "What would you be doing?" said one to me, "if you knew that Miller's theory were certainly true?" "Just what I am now doing," I replied; "endeavoring to discharge my duty in the fear of God, and with love to my neighbor." Liable as we are to drop into the grave at every moment, it is strange that the idea of the end of the world should be so terrible as it is to many. It must be because we realize the existence of matter so much more distinctly than we do that of spirit.

Thousands of minds are in a state of intense alarm, in consequence of Miller's preaching; but I have heard of very few instances of stolen money restored, falsehoods acknowledged, &c. as a preparation for the dreadful event. One man of whom I bought some calico, took two cents a yard less than he asked. When I thanked him, he said, "I suppose you are surprised that I should diminish the price, after you have bought the article; but the fact is, I have been hearing Mr. Miller, and I believe he is in the right. If we are all to come to an end in '43, it is best to be pretty moderate and fair in our dealings." "But we cannot come to an end," said I. "Oh, I meant the world, and our bodies," he replied. "And if they come to an end in '43 instead of '44, is it not best to be moderate and fair in our dealings?" He admitted the premises; but as one admits an abstraction.

A prophet who appeared in London, many years ago, and predicted the destruction of the world, from Scriptural authority, produced a much more decided effect in his predictions than Miller. When I saw it, it was inhabited by several laboring families, and was in a poor state of preservation. But through all the dust and scratches, I could perceive that the tesselated floor, of various colored woods, with the baronet's coat of arms in the centre, had once been very beautiful. The panels were a series of landscapes in gilded borders; and every now and then, in some closet or recess, one was startled by an owl, a falcon, or an eagle, done in fresco. Tradition said that Lady Falkland required her daughters to dance on the variegated oaken floor, with waxed shoes, till it shone like a mirror. When one of the daughters was married, the little slave, who brought wine and cake on a silver salver, tripped over the smooth surface; whereupon she received a whipping; as have many other persons in this world, for tripping in paths made needlessly slippery.

BRAZIL.—The British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter states, that the slave trade has increased dreadfully under the protection of the present ministry, who favor it in every possible way. Fifteen hundred new negroes from the coast of Africa were seen in one house; and five hundred were lodged under the same roof with the chief officer of police at Porto de Caju, about a quarter of a mile from the emperor's palace at St. Christopher's. The chief officer of the custom house, Leopoldo Augusto da Camara Lima, has been dismissed from his situation, for having offended the slave traders by a conscientious discharge of his official duties. Brazil entered into a treaty, in 1831, to prohibit the slave trade throughout her

the master and his victim have a natural tendency to clothe religion in forms of superstition and terror; and if they believed his theory, they would emancipate by thousands; notwithstanding their parental fear that the poor creatures could not take care of themselves.—L. M. C.

LEADING AND DRIVING.

When Friend Hopper resided in Philadelphia, his attention was drawn to a colored printer, by the name of Cain, who was remarkable for profane swearing—Neither persuasion nor rebuke had any effect to change this bad habit. One day, Isaac encountered him in the street, quarreling, and pouncing forth volleys of oaths that made one shudder. Having faith in fines and constables, Friend Hopper took him before a magistrate, who fined him for blasphemy.

Twenty years afterward, Isaac again met the man, whom he had not seen for a very long time. His outward appearance was much changed for the worse; his garments were tattered and his person emaciated. This touched the Friend's heart; he stepped up, shook hands, and spoke kindly to the poor being. "Dost thou remember me?" said he; "and how I caused thee to be fined for swearing?" "Yes, indeed I do. I remember many dollars I paid, as well as if it were but yesterday." "Well, did it do any good?" "No, never a bit. It made me mad to have my money taken from me."

Friend Hopper's bump of conscientiousness is large. Having invited Cain to walk in, he reckoned up the interest on the fine during the interval, and repaid every cent. "I meant it for thy good," said he; "and I am sorry I did thee harm."

Cain's countenance changed, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. He took the money, with many thanks, became a quiet man, and was heard to swear no more.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Our gifted friend C. C. Burleigh has lately held a public discussion on this subject, in Philadelphia, with the Rev. W. L. McCalla, the Presbyterian clergyman, who urged "emigrants" to Texas, holding before them the golden images and candlesticks of Mexico, half covered with a veil of facious ambiguity. It would naturally be expected that such a man would quibble rather than argue, evade rather than reply, and appeal to prejudice rather than reason. That such was the case, seems to be the universal testimony of those present. C. C. Burleigh was generally admitted to have argued with great *acuteness* and clearness, as well as eloquence. The Nazarene, published in that city, says: "Every argument, every sentence, in favor of the death punishment was fairly met and ably refuted. Of this we have not heard a doubt expressed; nor do we believe there was one left upon any mind—Never did an advocate of correct principles obtain a more perfect and triumphant victory than did Mr. B. on this occasion."

OMENS.

The ancient Romans, as is well known, thought much of omens, particularly those connected with the flight of birds. In connection with this ancient superstition, my mind was much impressed with an incident I read in the news some ten or twelve years ago. In Maryland, the frontier of the slave and free States, there occurred a remarkably fierce fight between two eagles in the air.

As the crowd stood gazing upon the prolonged struggle, a musket fired at them, and both eagles fell dead at their feet.

Speaking of omens, the great race between the North and the South, on Long Island, was decided on the tenth; the same day that the American Anti-Slavery Society held its anniversary. *The Northern horse beat*.

OUR OFFICE.

We mentioned a few weeks ago that many complaints of irregularity in the delivery of our paper came to us from the eastern route. We felt perfectly sure that the papers were punctually and carefully mailed; and investigation into individual cases confirms this. With the exception of two or three cases, where names were mistaken on account of illegible writing, the difficulty has always been traced to the negligence of postmasters. We are not given to crowing, but we will affirm that no newspaper-office in the country has better printers, or more honest and careful superintendent and clerk. Again we ask our subscribers to inform us immediately when irregularities occur.

THE MEMORIAL FROM NORTHAMPTON.

We would call attention to this document on our first page. It well deserves a careful perusal for the amount of historical information it contains, bearing important relation to the present state of the country. It was put forth by a large committee of the principal inhabitants, and signed with remarkable unanimity by men of all parties, sects, and classes; and it is one significant sign of the times that four fifths of the signers were persons hitherto indifferent to abolition, or opposed to it. Is the South blind, that she does not see in these things more than a handful of vulgar fanatics?

THE MECHANIC.

The title of a well-written, neatly-printed story, of two hundred and nineteen pages, by Frances H. Whipple; dedicated to the mechanics of Rhode Island. We welcome this volume, as we do any agent that strives to infuse healthy and rational views on the subject of manual labor.

To use the author's own words: "The generous, liberal thought, the penetrating, truth-loving eye can perceive the excellence and beauty of true, manly labor. Such will not look upon it merely as the mode of getting bread; but as the gymnasium of that great academy called Life, wherein the scholar's soul may be exercised according to its various capacities, so it may gather the truest and the noblest strength; and without which, strength is not."

BENJAMIN LAY.—Those new subscribers who wished to begin with the history of this eccentric, but most valuable Friend, are respectfully informed that an unexpected increase of subscribers, coming all at once, took up all the numbers of the paper in which the history commences, and we have therefore been unable to comply with their request.

THE ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

THE ACOGNIZANCE.

Anti-Slavery Items.

ERIN GO BRAGH.—We have just received from Richard Ten Allen, the well-known philanthropist of Dublin, a thousand more signatures to accompany the sixty thousand which he had collected for the dread

event. One man of whom I bought some calico, took two cents a yard less than he asked. When I thanked him, he said, "I suppose you are surprised that I should diminish the price, after you have bought the article; but the fact is, I have been hearing Mr. Miller, and I believe he is in the right. If we are all to come to an end in '43, it is best to be pretty moderate and fair in our dealings." "But we cannot come to an end," said I. "Oh, I meant the world, and our bodies," he replied. "And if they come to an end in '43 instead of '44, is it not best to be moderate and fair in our dealings?" He admitted the premises; but as one admits an abstraction.

A prophet who appeared in London, many years ago, and predicted the destruction of the world, from Scriptural authority, produced a much more decided effect in his predictions than Miller. When I saw it, it was inhabited by several laboring families, and was in a poor state of preservation. But through all the dust and scratches, I could perceive that the tesselated floor, of various colored woods, with the baronet's coat of arms in the centre, had once been very beautiful. The panels were a series of landscapes in gilded borders; and every now and then, in some closet or recess, one was startled by an owl, a falcon, or an eagle, done in fresco. Tradition said that Lady Falkland required her daughters to dance on the variegated oaken floor, with waxed shoes, till it shone like a mirror. When one of the daughters was married, the little slave, who brought wine and cake on a silver salver, tripped over the smooth surface; whereupon she received a whipping; as have many other persons in this world, for tripping in paths made needlessly slippery.

BRAZIL.—The British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter states, that the slave trade has increased dreadfully under the protection of the present ministry, who favor it in every possible way. Fifteen hundred new negroes from the coast of Africa were seen in one house; and five hundred were lodged under the same roof with the chief officer of police at Porto de Caju, about a quarter of a mile from the emperor's palace at St. Christopher's. The chief officer of the custom house, Leopoldo Augusto da Camara Lima, has been dismissed from his situation, for having offended the slave traders by a conscientious discharge of his official duties. Brazil entered into a

dominion; but since that time 400,000 Africans have been illicitly introduced into the empire as slaves.

HURRA FOR LIBERTY!—It is said they are selling slaves at auction in Texas to help them raise money to fight for freedom.

A PRO-SLAVERY VERDICT.—Not long ago, Mr. Howard of New Bedford, Mass., on "whose complexion the sun had looked," was dragged from the car at Taunton depot, and treated in the most shameful manner, by Mr. Bird, the conductor, and his associates. The Liberator says: "So gross was the outrage, that even some of our pro-slavery journalists expressed great disgust and indignation in view of it; and we have not heard any justification of the conduct of Bird from any quarter."

An action has, however, been brought in Taunton against Howard for an alleged assault and battery upon the conductor; and the jury brought in a verdict of guilty! One day, Isaac encountered him in the street, quarreling, and pouncing forth volleys of oaths that made one shudder. Having faith in fines and constables, Friend Hopper took him before a magistrate, who fined him for blasphemy.

Twenty years afterward, Isaac again met the man, whom he had not seen for a very long time. His outward appearance was much changed for the worse; his garments were tattered and his person emaciated. This touched the Friend's heart; he stepped up, shook hands, and spoke kindly to the poor being. "Dost thou remember me?" said he; "and how I caused thee to be fined for swearing?" "Yes, indeed I do. I remember many dollars I paid, as well as if it were but yesterday." "Well, did it do any good?" "No, never a bit. It made me mad to have my money taken from me."

Friend Hopper's bump of conscientiousness is large. Having invited Cain to walk in, he reckoned up the interest on the fine during the interval, and repaid every cent. "I meant it for thy good," said he; "and I am sorry I did thee harm."

Cain's countenance changed, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. He took the money, with many thanks, became a quiet man, and was heard to swear no more.

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Mr. Howard presented a memorial from several citizens of Massachusetts, implicated in accusations of Mr. Wise, concerning friends on the *Anti-Slavery Standard*. He made some remarks on what he styled Tyler's criminal design to bring Congress any access to that great repository of "dark secrets," (the Poindexter report,) until he had "garbled it" to suit his own convenience and selfish advantage.

The Washington correspondent of the *New-York American*, thus describes the scene:

"He read the President's letter to Mr. Poindexter, emphasizing, restating, and repeating the important passage with a force and a strain of eloquence which we have not seen in any of his *anti-slavery* speeches."

"The force of his voice was such that all his tremors and unceasing movement, and the tremor of his voice, were manifested in his hands, and his voice trembled with every effort."

"Great God! has it come to this?" said Mr. Poindexter, with an *injustifiable* stretch of executive power.

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Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE GLORY AND SHAME OF ENGLAND.

Methought that dire Oppression's need
Was by my country won;
That, queen of wrong and cruelty,
She wore the crimsoned crown.

But ah! has not her mother's grasp
Half torn it from her brow?
And will not her heroic child
Ever long be true to bow?

For, tho' a gentle bard once sung,
"Slave breath not Britain's air,"
I find, though called by other names,
That trembling slaves are there.

True, they breathe not the air that skims
O'er meads and flowery beds;
For, loaded to their lungs it comes,
With dust and cotton shreds.

O, Slavery! wast thou not content
With these, our bright domains,
Which echo Freedom's loudest songs,
While millions wear thy chains?

That thou must stink the blasting breath
Across old ocean's wave,
To taint the air of Britain's isle,
Which once would free the slave?

Availed it not that India's plains
Were darkened by thy frown,
And Moslem feters long had weighed
Her hapless children down;

That Britain, when her banners waved
O'er mountain, hill, and plain,
Must bind upon her captive ones
A still more galling chain?

Britain! who rescued from thy grasp
Her beauteous, western isles,
That ransomed thousands might rejoice
In Freedom's sunny smiles!

Britain! where generous hearts are yearning
O'er all oppressed by thee;
And pledged that Freedom's fires be burning
Till every land is free!

Has she forgotten desp'lit kings,
And conquerors of renown,
Who quaffed thy cup until they reeled
Beneath their ponderous crown;

Until the victims of their power,
With might before unknown,
Upon their proud oppressors turned,
And hurled them from their throne?

And does she think, elate with power,
Safely to wear her crown,
When He, the righteous King of Kings,
Beholds her with a frown?

AN APRIL DAY.

By H. W. LONGFELLOW.

When the warm sun, that brings
Seal-time and harvest, has returned again,
'Tis sweet to visit the green wood, where springs
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell
The coming-on of storms.

Frag from the earth's loosened mould
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives;
Tho' stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

The softly warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods; and colored wings
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,
And wide the upland glows.

And, when the eve is born,
In the blue lake, the sky, o'erreaching far,
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide,
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows throw;
And the fair trees look over, side by side,
And see themselves below.

Sweet April!—many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fail, till to autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.

From the New York Tribune.

TO WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

Speak on! speak on! for at thy voice,
A thousand hearts are stirred,
And in their inmost hearts rejoice,
At every quickening word,

That falls like sun-light, brightening o'er
All that was cold and dark before—

And in the careless mind,
Kindling to life each lofty thought,

Of love and sympathy unbought,
For all of human kind.

AY, still speak on! that trumpet-tone
Still riseth loud and clear,
Thou true and fearless champion
Of all that Man holds dear;

Unshrinking friend of all thy race,
Whate'er may be their name or place—

From the down-trodden slave,
To him, who with the name of free,

From ceaseless toil and poverty,
Finds rest but in the grave!

Speak on! a tongue, a pen like thine,
The age hath need of now—

When multitudes before the shrine
Of low ambition bow—

Speak on! and far and wide be heard
The pleadings of each earnest word,

That asks, if God hath given

Treasures of heart and mind to all,

To bear for aye Earth's weary travail,

Without a dream of Heaven.

The world to grace the conqueror's brow
The laurel wreath may twine—

Tw'ree worthless as such to thou;

A boher need is thine—

A name to live in after times,

When kindred hearts in distant climes

Shall proudly turn to thee,

And in each deep and solemn thought

Of truth, so eloquently taught—

Still learn what Man may be.

ROYAL NURSERY RHYMES.

The well-known lines

“Dicker, dicker, dock!

The mouse ran up the clock,”

Have thus been translated from French by Louis Philippe,

and sent to the baby Prince of Wales:

Digerie, digerie, doge!

Le rat aSEND l'horloge;

L'horloge frappe;

Le rat s'echappe;

Digerie, digerie, doge!

Miscellany.

JUDG'S SERMON.

We mentioned, some weeks since, that Rev. Sylvester Judd, of Hallowell, was abruptly dismissed from his office of chaplain, by both houses of the Maine Legislature, for preaching a sermon *against the revolutionary war*. This famous sermon is now published, and we subjoin an extract; referring the reader to a brief editorial for explanation of the author's views and intentions. His facts are taken from Marshall, Holmes, Boutte, Sparks, Ramsey, and other authentic sources.

“Put together,” says Voltaire, “all the vices of all ages, and places, and they will not come up to the mischiefs and enormities of a single campaign.” how much less of a series of campaigns, like that of the revolutionary war. Let me speak of the *despotism over mind* that prevailed during the war. Congress enacted very early in the struggle, that *whoever should be thought friendly to Great Britain, should be arrested and imprisoned, and unless he took the oath of allegiance that his estate should be confiscated*; yet the same Congress, but two years before, had said, that it did not wish to separate from Great Britain. A vast majority of the people had, at first, no wish to go into the war. A respectable minority still adhered to the same opinions; opinions that had been the original and long-established sentiments and doctrines of the country. This minority were subject to such abuse, such persecution, such obloquy, as it pains my brain to think upon. [I call for these persons, and it is all I ask for them, that they be allowed to think what they please, to be friendly to what they please, to go and come as they please; I ask for them the free enjoyment of the rights of the minority. Will any republican citizen of a free American State deny them this? I maintain, that the imposition of tests, the restraining of persons, the jeopardy of estate, the overthrowing of free thought, the violent interference with conscientious choice, is despotism, wherever, and by whomsoever exercised.] There was a law passed in Rhode Island, that if any one had intelligence with the English, he should be put to death, and his estate suffer confiscation.” Congress recommended to the States, to pass laws for confiscating and selling the estates of the traitors; that is, for such as chose to continue in the same mode of thinking that had, very foolishly, if you please, prevailed in the country from its settlement. Nor were these laws, and the spirit out of which they grew, without effect. Fifteen hundred of these people were compelled to leave Boston; “fathers,” says the historian, “carrying burdens, mothers their children, who wish to go up to that very northern city at the summer solstice, or on St. John's day, when from the neighboring mountain they can have their faith confirmed in the truth of the Copernican system. For, at that epoch, the sun, to those who are on that elevation, not descend below the horizon, but is seen to decline to the northwest, and verge more and more to the exact north, until it reaches at midnight its lowest point, when it is just visible above the horizon. In a few minutes it is seen to commence its upward course towards the northeast, and thus continues its glorious progress until it reaches again its zenith in the South. Even to one who is at Stockholm at that epoch, the nights for two or three weeks are sufficiently light, from the refraction of the sun's rays, owing to its being so little beneath the horizon, for the performance of almost any business. We happened about this time four years ago, to be going up to the promotion of Upsala, and were obliged to travel all night; and we have a distinct recollection of reading a letter at midnight with ease, even whilst passing through the forest. And the year after, at the same season, we often whiled away our leisure moments by sitting at the windows of the house where we staved, on the English quay in St. Petersburg, a city which is situated in the same degree north of Stockholm, and reading until midnight. During that period scarcely a cloud was to be seen in the sky, which had both day and night, that light blue which is peculiar to these northern regions at that portion of the year, and which is occasioned by the rays of the sun striking on the atmosphere of that portion of the earth at so small an angle. Scarce a star was visible in the heavens at night, and the moon, even when full, hardly formed a shadow. At that season there is something unnatural and deathlike in the appearance of things as night sets in. Business comes to an end before the sun goes down, all verge more and more to the exact north, until it reaches at midnight its lowest point, when it is just visible above the horizon. In a few minutes it is seen to commence its upward course towards the northeast, and thus continues its glorious progress until it reaches again its zenith in the South. 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